

LITTLE
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OF THE
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No. 10 10

LITTLE AL OF THE F.B.I.



Exciting
F.B.I. Thriller... THE BEAVER STRIKES

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



F.B.I.

SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION METHODS



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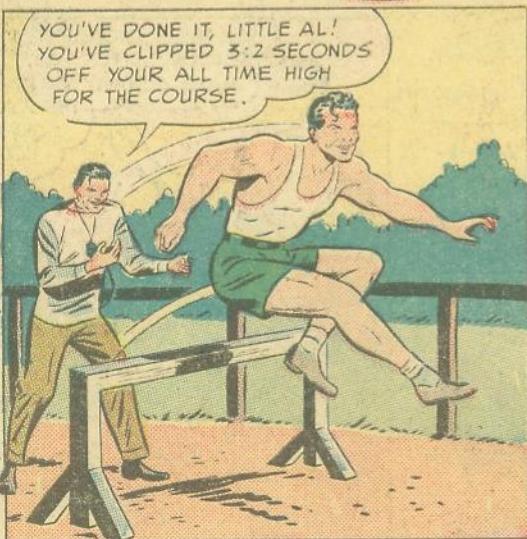
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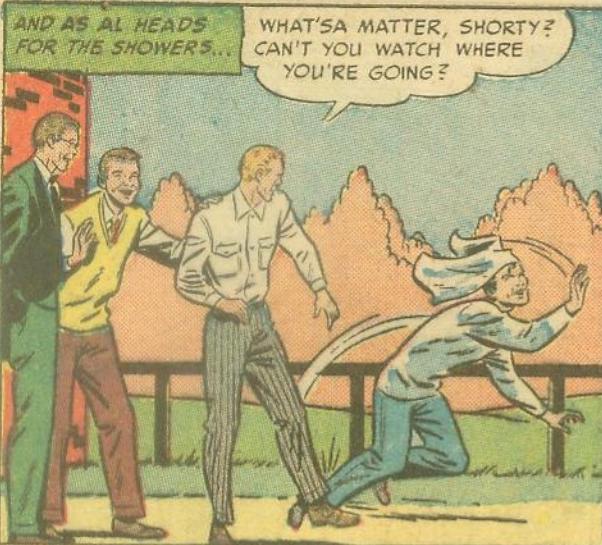
Little Al of the F.B.I.

"The Beaver
strikes!"



ON A PLEASANT AFTER-NOON, AL CONWAY, BLAKELY COLLEGE'S ALL AROUND ATHLETE, TRIES FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE, NAMELY, TO BEAT HIS OWN RECORD...





NOT MANY DAYS LATER, IN THE DEAN'S OFFICE
AT BLAKELY COLLEGE...

YOU'LL BE GRADUATING
IN A FEW DAYS, CONWAY, AND I'VE BEEN WANTING
TO SPEAK TO YOU. YOU'VE NOT ONLY EXCELLED
IN EVERY SPORT AT BLAKELY, BUT YOU'VE
TAKEN TOP HONORS IN MATH,
CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS AND
BIOLOGY. WHAT ARE
YOUR FUTURE PLANS,
AL?

I'M EXPECTING
SOMETHING, BUT I'D
RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT
IT YET!

ALL RIGHT, MY BOY, I WON'T PRY! I
WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT BLAKELY
IS PROUD OF YOU, AND NO MATTER
WHAT YOUR UNDERTAKINGS ARE,
WE'RE CERTAIN YOU'LL SUCCEED!

THANK YOU,
SIR!



A WEEK AFTER
GRADUATION, THE
ALL-IMPORTANT
MESSAGE ARRIVES...

...YOUR APPLICATION HAS
BEEN APPROVED, AND YOU
ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED TO
REPORT TO NATIONAL
HEADQUARTERS IN
WASHINGTON, D.C. "HOW
ABOUT THAT!"



AND WHEN HE ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION IN THE
NATION'S CAPITOL...

THIS IS IT!
BLAKELY WAS FUN,
BUT THAT'S ALL IN
THE PAST! THIS
IS THE BIG,
IMPORTANT
THING NOW! I
SUPPOSE I'VE
I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED TO DO
THIS, AND NOW
THAT I'VE GOT
THE CHANCE--
MY ONE
PRAYER IS
TO MAKE
GOOD!



DURING THE
WEEKS THAT
FOLLOW,
AL CONWAY,
ALONG WITH
A GROUP
OF OTHER
YOUNG
HOPEFULS,
GOES THRU
THE EXACT-
ING PACE
OF THE F.B.I.
TRAINING
PROGRAM...

GOOD SHOOTING, CONWAY!
PERFECT SCORE!

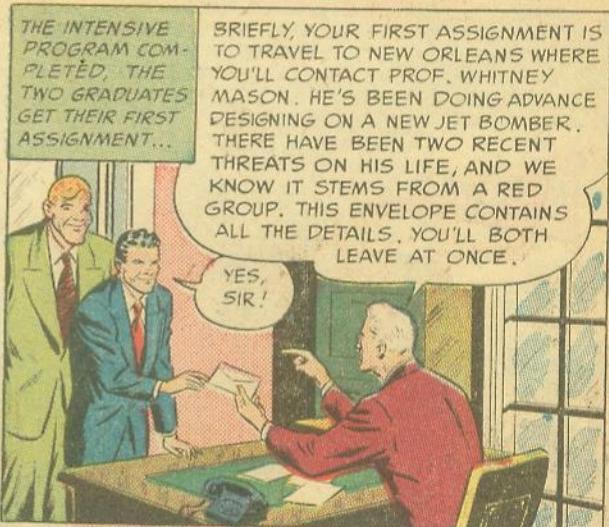


AND WHEN THE
PROGRAM ENTERS
ITS FINAL
PHASES...

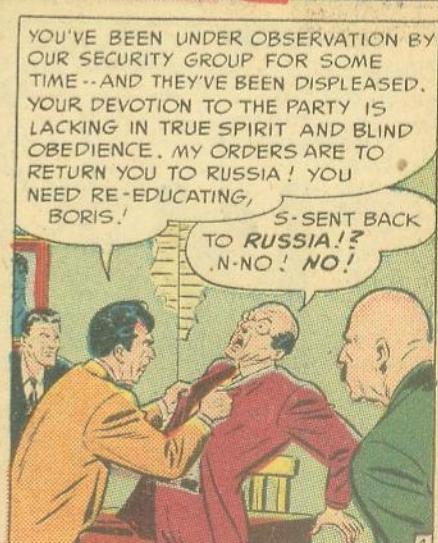
YOU MEAN THIS LITTLE
GUY IS SUPPOSED TO
TAKE THE GUN AWAY
FROM ME?

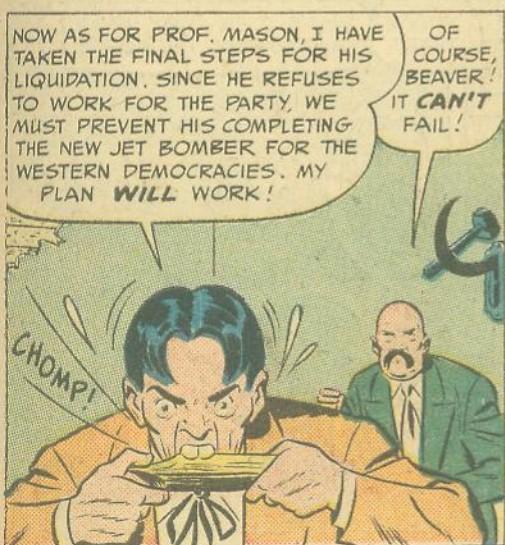
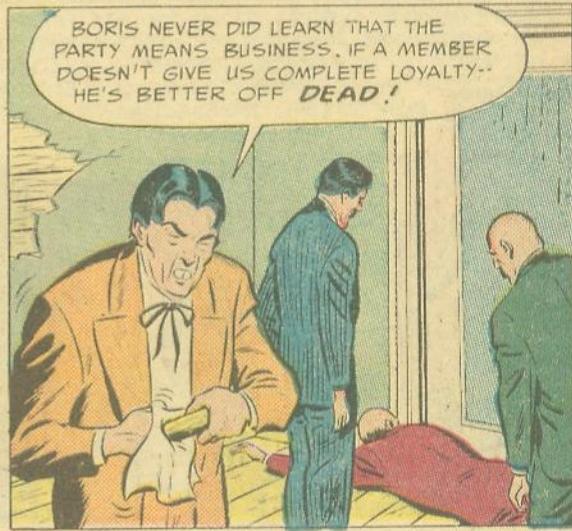
THAT'S
RIGHT!
NOW GO TO
IT!





AND AS THE TWO F.B.I. MEN LEAVE FOR NEW ORLEANS, A SECRET MEETING TAKES PLACE IN A COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS IN THAT SAME CITY...







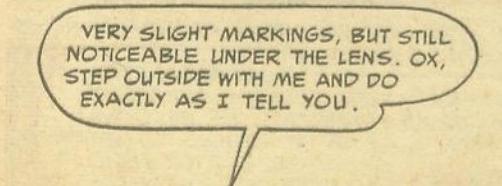
HMM... IT'S A BIRTHDAY GIFT. IT
READS: 'GUARANTEED FOR A HOLE
IN ONE', AND SIGNED GEORGE. TODAY
IS MY BIRTHDAY, BUT I KNOW
SEVERAL MEN WITH THAT NAME. I
WONDER WHO COULD HAVE SENT THIS?

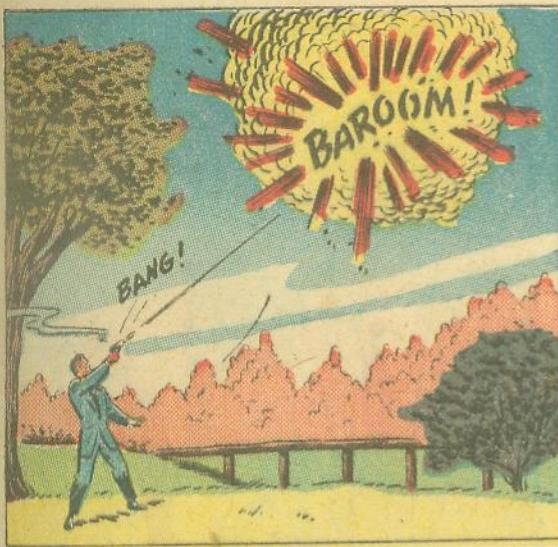
IS ANY
ONE OF
THESE MEN
LEFT-
HANDED?



.GOLF BALLS! DON'T KNOW WHO
THE CHAP IS, BUT I'M GRATEFUL.
NEVER HAVE ENOUGH OF THOSE,
YOU KNOW!

THE WEIGHT
SEEMS A
LITTLE OFF.
LET ME SEE
NOW!







AND WHEN LITTLE AL JOINS THE GIRL AND HER BOYFRIEND AT THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS...

THERE HE IS, MR. CONWAY. HE'S ABOUT READY TO LEAVE. ONE MORE FAVOR. CALL THIS NUMBER AND TELL THEM ALL YOU KNOW. THEY'LL DO THE REST. IN THE MEANWHILE I'LL TRAIL THIS GUY!

GOOD! I THINK

RIGHT, SIR!

MINUTES LATER...

I COULD FOLLOW HIM THROUGH THAT SIDE DOOR, BUT THAT WOULD BE THE EASY WAY--A LITTLE TOO EASY!



DOING IT THE HARD WAY, LITTLE AL GOES TO THE ROOF AND...

HMM... SEEMS AS IF THEY WERE EXPECTING SOMEONE TO COME THROUGH THE DOOR. IN THAT CASE I'LL SURPRISE THEM AND --



THANK YOU, MISS KANE. YOUR APPEARING THIS WAY SEEKS TO HAVE SURPRISED THESE TWO. WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT PROFESSOR MASON'S OWN SECRETARY WAS A PARTY MEMBER!



... SHE WAS IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH US. RELAYING ALL INFORMATION CONCERNING HIS HABITS, HOBBIES, EVEN HIS BIRTHDAY! AS SOON AS WE DISPOSE OF YOU TWO, WE'RE TAKING CARE OF THE PROFESSOR -- AND THIS TIME FOR KEEPS!



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME.
NONE OF YOU!



IN A BOUNDING LEAP, THE RED SPY SCALES THE PARTY EMBLEM IN HIS BID FOR FREEDOM...



ARGG-HHH!



THAT'S IRONY FOR YOU. THE SICKLE OF HIS OWN PARTY EMBLEM FINISHED HIM OFF. CALL HEADQUARTERS AND TELL THEM TO SEND DOWN A CREW!



RIGHT LITTLE AL! IT SURE LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A NESTFUL OF RED HERRINGS THIS TRIP!

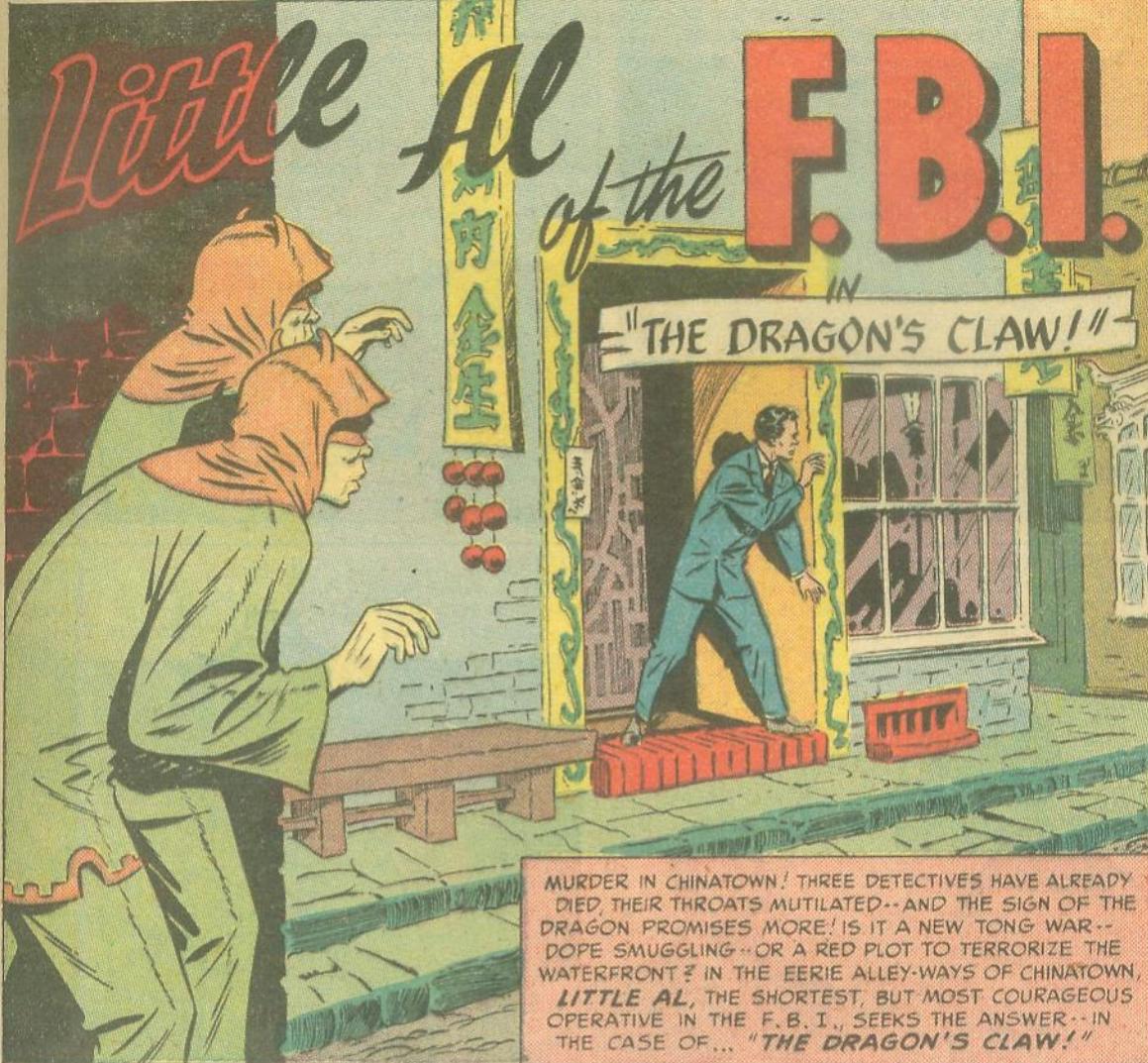
AND WHEN THEY RETURN TO WASHINGTON...

CONGRATULATIONS ON A FINE JOB. NOW IT JUST HAPPENS THAT A NEW ASSIGNMENT CAME IN AND--

WE'LL TAKE IT, CHIEF, AND IF THE LITTLE GUY DON'T MIND I'D LIKE TO BECOME A REGULAR ON HIS TEAM.



The End







MEAN-
WHILE, IN
THE
OFFICE
OF WESLEY
STEELE,
F.B.I.
DISTRICT
CHIEF, A
QUIET,
PURPOSE-
FUL MEETING
IS TAKING
PLACE.

MR. STEELE, MAY I PRESENT THE STAGG BROTHERS, CARL, JOHN AND WALTER. THEY ARE THE OWNERS OF THE LARGEST CURIO SHOP IN CHINATOWN, AND THE FIRST TO BRING THESE VICIOUS MURDERS TO MY ATTENTION.

GENTLEMEN -- MR. MAYOR -- THIS IS MY SECRETARY, MARCIA JORDAN. NOW, LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! WHAT ARE YOUR OPINIONS OF SO-CALLED DRAGON MURDERS?



FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE MEETING IS NO LONGER SO QUIET...

I TELL YOU, IT'S A NEW TONG WAR! THE DRAGON TONG ---!

GENTLEMEN, PLEASE! LET'S CONSIDER THE EVIDENCE! HERE'S THE LATEST DRAGON WARNING!



BUT I THINK IT MAY BE THE LAST! I HAVE ASSIGNED MY BEST MAN TO THIS CASE!

HE CAN BE COUNTED ON TO WORK QUIETLY, STAY OUT OF TROUBLE, REMAIN UNKNOWN TO THE KILLERS UNTIL-- UNTIL--



--LITTLE AL!! HELLO, BOSS!
WERE YOU DISCUSSING ME?











THE PLOTTERS!

"I thought they were tough. Everybody tells me these G-guys are really rugged," the big, yellow-haired one, Kroner, said. "But this one isn't. He isn't so starchy. Look at him! I give him some lumps and he folds, conks out, just like anybody else. And I thought I was goin' to have a workout with this Fed!" Kroner made a sound of disgust.

Lee Masters heard the things Kroner said but they sounded distant and echoingly unreal, like a voice at the far end of a tunnel. Masters fought off the waves of blackness that threatened to engulf him. With tremendous effort he got to his hands and knees.

"Take another look, Kroner," the man called Roggov, said. "You didn't finish him. Wait a minute! Hold it! Don't kick him again! Let him get to his feet, shake some of the cobwebs out of his brain. Maybe he's willing to talk a little, now!"

Rough hands yanked at Masters, spun him around. Somebody laughed. Somebody said: "Look at him, swaying, staggering like a drunk! And the light seems to be hurting his eyes! What's the matter, Masters? What are you wincing about? You ain't seen nothing yet! Kroner is a craftsman who enjoys his work. When he gets through with you, they'll have to wire every bone in your body. Unless—"

"Stop him!" Masters croaked, hoarsely through split lips. He backed away from the two-hundred-pound, six-feet, yellow-haired hulk called Kroner. "He's coming after me again! Don't let him get to me! I—I'll tell you anything you want to know. Anything!" His voice broke in a half-sobbing sound.

"That's better," Roggov told him. "That's more like it. Let him sit down, Kroner. Let him be comfortable."

Kroner's ham-sized hands hurtled Lee Masters toward a chair. He fell into it. Put his battered face into his hands. He could see them through his fingers. Deep inside his brain a small voice was cataloguing them. He didn't ever want to forget any of these faces, in case this thing didn't work out the way the Bureau had planned it.

"Roggov's the big shot," the voice said. "Roggov, loudly dressed, fat and greasy, always sweating. Roggov, with the shiny bald head and the three chins and the little red kewpie-bow mouth. Roggov, whose twisted genius cooked up this wild, crazy caper that's been driving The Chief and all of us haywire the past few months!"

Masters kept making harsh, wheezing noises

as he breathed, stalling for time, while his eyes, peeking through his slitted fingers took in the rest of the five men who had brought him to this waterfront tenement flat.

"And Kroner, of course," the little voice in his brain said. "The goon, the strong-arm kid, who gets sore if you pass out too quickly on him . . . And the other three, the Fritz brothers, the gunsels, sitting around watching, with vapid smiles on their faces and Lugers in their laps, impatiently waiting for their turn, to finish the job Kroner started, ready to blast one G-man."

Roggov's syrupy voice broke into Masters' reverie. He said: "You've recovered enough to talk. Let's go, Masters. Tell us what we want to know and you'll be safe. We——"

"How do I know that?" Masters cut in. "Maybe if I tell you how much our Bureau knows about your plot to bomb the United Nations' building I won't be of any more use to you and you'll kill me. What good's your word? Until I do give you that info, you don't dare kill me. You know that we caught one of your men and that he sung about your plot. But you don't know much. If you knew that, you could change your plans accordingly. As it stands now, you don't dare make a move. Yet, you're committed to the foreign power that hired you, to go through with the plot no matter how much you have to change your plans."

"That's right," Roggov said. He sighed, patiently, dabbed sweat from his massive brow with a silk handkerchief. "We can't kill you, Masters—but we can make you wish you were dead. I'm afraid you're stalling . . . Kroner, get to work. And don't be quite so gentle, this time."

Masters' hands dropped from his face. He saw Kroner's hulking figure coming toward him again. A big, gloating smile was spread all over Kroner's ugly, twisted features. He was fitting a set of shiny brass rings over his sausage-sized fingers.

"Stop him, Roggov!" Masters said. "I—I'll quit stalling. I'll tell you everything. We've known for several months that you've been in the employ of this power but we didn't know how or when you were going to strike until a few days ago when we grabbed your man, Snyder. He told us how you've got a secret air strip out on Long Island, built a facsimile of one of our long range bombers. On the Third of March, in the middle of the afternoon, that bomber, with U. S. markings will fly in low over Manhattan and drop five hundred pounds of incendiary bombs, from

about a thousand feet to insure a direct hit, right on the United Nations building.

Roggov's lardy face went gray. He leaned forward in his chair, his kewpie lips peeled back from his teeth. "The Federal Bureau of Investigation knows all that? It's impossible! Snyder didn't have all that information. He couldn't have given it to you! I'm the only one who knows all those details. I don't see how—"

"Then you mean it's true?" Masters cut in, unbelievably. "We thought Snyder was insane. We didn't really think there was any such plan. It's too wild. Roggov, even you wouldn't dare to try and pull a bold stunt like that!"

Roggov's fat figure jerked in the chair. "Of course, it's true. The very boldness of the plan will be the thing that'll make it work. Tell me, Masters—does your Bureau know where this air strip is, on Long Island; its exact location?"

"No," Masters answered. "But the whole Island is swarming with investigators. We soon will find it."

"You'll be too late." Roggov stood up. His beady little eyes rolled wildly. "We won't wait until the date set. We'll move tomorrow. Nothing can stop us, now. You see, Masters, your department has been knocking itself out for nothing! It—"

The rest of his words were drowned by the splintering, crashing sound of a door being knocked down. Roggov and Kroner and the Fritz brothers wheeled toward the door of the apartment, just as a big-shouldered man with clean-cut features and dressed like any young executive, stepped in over the caved-in door. He held a sub-machine gun leveled at the group in the room. Behind him, half a dozen others crowded after him into the small tenement flat. The leader shouted: "Don't anybody make a move! Put your hands to the back of your neck, Roggov! Tell your hoods to drop their guns. You haven't got a chance!"

"It's a trap!" Roggov cried.

"Yeah," Masters admitted, a grin moving across his battered face. "These boys were in the next apartment, listening in, recording our little conversation, Roggov. Your den, here, is well bugged, with a dozen different dictograph listening units planted around. You see, the F. B. I. never settles for partial or circumstantial evidence. We knew all about your plot, Roggov, but to make sure you and your men wouldn't squirm free at a trial, we needed what amounted to an actual confession, in

your own words. I let myself be captured by your gang, banged up by Kroner so that it wouldn't look like I was being made to talk too easily—then get you to admit that the information we had on you was true. You understand?"

The fat spy understood all too well. Fear was suddenly like a mask on his face. He knew that with the evidence against him, he would be convicted as a spy, so he had nothing to lose. His hand darted inside his jacket, came out clutching a Belgian automatic. But he never got to use it. The machine gun of one of Masters' fellow agents stuttered briefly. Roggov hugged his fat paunch and fell over onto his face. He didn't move again. The rest of his gang stared in horror at the crumpled figure of their dead leader. They made no move to escape after that. With their hands upraised, they marched meekly out of the flat. All except Kroner. As he was about to leave, Lee Masters put out a hand, stopped him. He said to his district leader:

"Do me a favor, Chuck. Let me have a quiet little talk with this big goon for about five minutes. I have a little debt to repay him."

The other man readily agreed. The door shut, locking Masters and Kroner alone in the flat. There was the sound of furniture being broken, a lot of scuffing and cursing and groaning, accompanied by the dull thud of fist against bone. It lasted for about five minutes. Then everything was quiet inside the apartment. When the door opened again, Lee Masters came out, dragging Kroner's limp carcass by the hair. Masters grinned at the other F. B. I. agents.

"I don't know," he said, chuckling. "This guy suddenly went haywire in there, started breaking up furniture and running into walls and falling down all over the floor, like a berserk bull, until he finally knocked himself out. Got bunged up some, doing it, too. Too bad!" Masters made clucking noise with his tongue.

They looked at Kroner's face. He was badly battered. The District Leader sighed, said: "Okay, men, let's cart what's left of him out of here . . . Masters, when you are assigned to a job, you really do it up well, right to the last detail, don't you?"

Masters just smiled and hoped that the next assignment he got wouldn't be quite so rough. He didn't know how much of this sort of thing his own face could take—or his knuckles, either, for that matter.

THE END

SONS OF THE TIGRESS



IF SOME WOMEN MAY BE CALLED CATS, MA BARKER MUST BE CALLED A TIGRESS! NOT ONLY DID SHE DEFEND HER EVIL BROOD WITH MURDEROUS FEROCITY, BUT SHE HERSELF WAS A MAN-KILLER WHOSE CUNNING COULD ONLY BE MATCHED BY A VIOLENCE UNPRECEDENTED IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME! THE BARKER BOYS WERE TRULY... "SONS OF THE TIGRESS"!

THEY WERE ROTTEN FROM THE START... AND MA BARKER KEPT THEM THAT WAY!



THIS IS A FRAME-UP! YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON ME! I WASN'T EVEN NEAR THAT DRUG STORE TONIGHT!

THERE'S A DRUGGIST DYING OF GUN SHOT WOUNDS IN THE HOSPITAL WHO SAYS DIFFERENT! NO FUSS, DOC, OR WE'LL CARRY YOU OUT!

WHEN THE JOPLIN POLICE JAILED DOC AND HIS ACCOMPLICE, MA WASTED NO TIME VISITING THE PARTNER'S MOTHER! THEN WOMAN-TO-WOMAN, SHE SAID.

YOU'VE GOT THREE NICE CHILDREN, MA'AM! YOU'D LIKE 'EM TO GROW UP, I'LL BET! WELL, THEY WON'T, MA'AM! NOT UNLESS YOUR SON JIMMY TAKES THE RAP FOR THIS ROBBERY!

BUT YOUR DOC FORCED MY JIMMY TO GO ALONG...

NO, LADY! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! DOC WASN'T EVEN THERE!



FREDDY AND LLOYD VISITED THE JAILHOUSE AND SPELLED OUT THE SITUATION FOR JIMMY...

IT'S NO SKIN OFF YOUR NOSE JIMMY! YOU GOTTA DO TIME, ANYWAY, SO WHY DRAG DOC IN? ESPECIALLY WHEN WE'LL FIX YOUR MA AN' THE KIDS... BUT GOOD!

IT'S VERY SIMPLE! ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS SAY THE DRUGGIST WAS NUTS! YOU PULLED THE JOB WITH A GUY YOU NEVER SAW BEFORE, WHO BLEW TOWN RIGHT AFTER THE JOB...



P.S. DOC GOT OFF...

HOW'D YOU SWING IT, MA?
WITH A MEAT-AXE, SON! YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT IF YOU SCARE PEOPLE!

THE BOYS CARRIED OUT THEIR MOTHER'S IDEAS TO THE LETTER... EXCEPT THE PART ABOUT GETTING AWAY WITH IT! THE BOYS PULLED THE STICK-UPS ALL RIGHT, BUT THEY WERE NAILED WITH THE SAME REGULARITY!

PRETTY SOON, AT LEAST ONE BARKER BOY WAS ALWAYS DOING TIME! POOR MR. BARKER TRIED TO REASON WITH HIS SONS... BUT IT WAS USELESS...

HE'S STARTIN' TO PREACH AGAIN!
HIM WHO NEVER EARNED MORE'N FIFTY BUCKS A WEEK IN HIS LIFE!

WAIT! I GOT A BETTER IDEA!
I SHOULD'VE DONE IT A LONG AGO!

KNOCK HIS TEETH OUT!



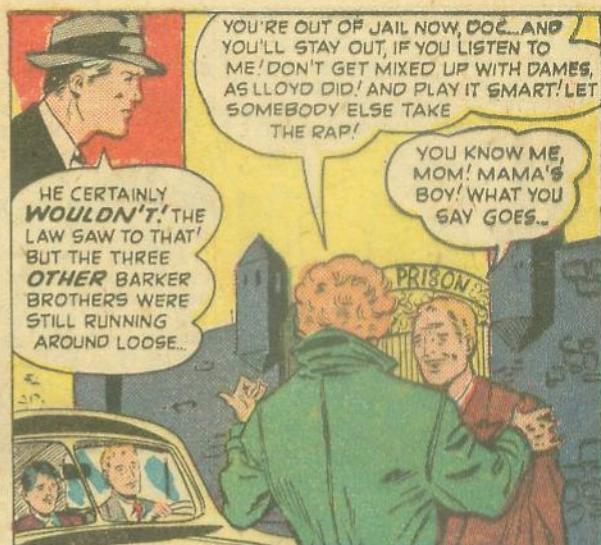


MA WAS TORN BETWEEN TWO EMOTIONS! RAGE AT LLOYD FOR DISOBEDIENCE HER AND HORROR AT THE FATE AWAITING HIM...

AS THE LATEST IN A LONG LINE OF CONVICTIONS, YOUR PUNISHMENT FOR THIS CRIME, LLOYD BARKER, WILL BE 35 YEARS IN FEDERAL PRISON!

PLEASE, JUDGE...DON'T SEND MY BOY AWAY! (SOB!) HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING! HE'S A GOOD BOY! (SOB!) HE'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN!

MA! MA!
DON'T LET
THEM TAKE
ME AWAY!
MA!



BUT DISOBEDIENCE WAS TOO INGRAINED IN THE BARKER BROOD! A WEEK AFTER DOC WAS FREE, HE LEAPED BACK INTO THE WHIRLPOOL OF CRIME...

HEY, DOC!
GET A MOVE ON! WE AIN'T GOT MUCH TIME LEFT!

THAT'S BILL WELLS!
YOU'RE GOIN' IN WITH HIM ON A STICK-UP! WHAT ABOUT YOUR PROMISE TO MA THAT WE'D ONLY PULL JOBS TOGETHER...JUST THE FAMILY?

LOOK...YOU KNOW HOW STINGY MA IS WITH A BUCK! I NEED A LITTLE PIN MONEY! THERE'S NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!



BUT DOC WAS DESTINED TO REMEMBER THIS STICK-UP AS LONG AS HE LIVED...

LOOK OUT,
DOC! THE WATCHMAN!

DON'T STAND THERE,
YOU CHUMP! BLAST
HIM! IT'S ONLY
ONE GUY! WE'LL
BE IN THE CLEAR!

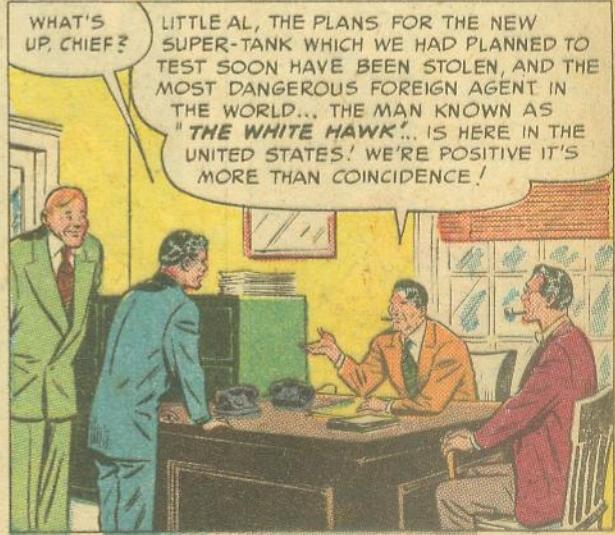
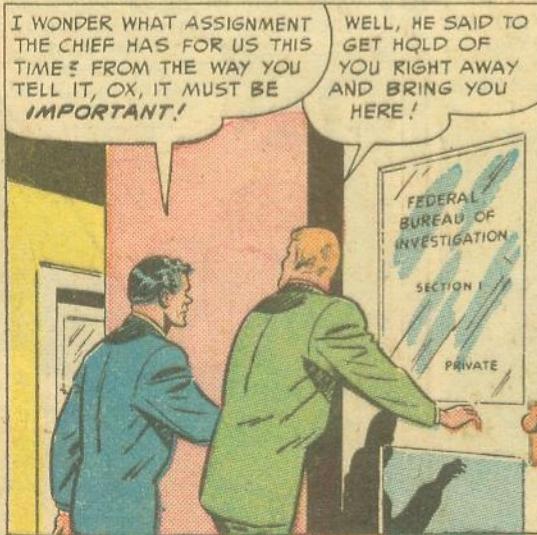
YOU'RE
CRAZY!
IT'S NO
GOOD! HE
SET OFF
THE ALARM!







Little Al of the vs. "THE WHITE HAWK!" **F.B.I.**



AL, THIS IS INSPECTOR CLEMENTS OF SCOTLAND YARD! **THE WHITE HAWK** CROSSED OVER HERE FROM ENGLAND AND CLEMENTS IS ON HIS TRAIL! YOU'LL WORK WITH THE INSPECTOR ON THIS CASE!

NICE MEETING YOU CHAPS! I'M AT THE OXFORD ARMS, IF YOU WISH TO REACH ME IN A HURRY!



HERE'S MORE INFORMATION ON **THE WHITE HAWK**! ALL WE KNOW ABOUT HIM IS THAT HE'S AN ALBINO, BUT NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN HIS REAL FACE! HE'S A MASTER OF DISGUISE, A FREE LANCE AGENT NOW WORKING FOR THE REDS! HE MUST BE CAUGHT BEFORE HE CAN GET THOSE PLANS OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

SOUNDS LIKE AN INTERESTING ASSIGNMENT, BOSS!



OX, LET'S RUN OUT TO THE TANK FACTORY FIRST AND SEE IF WE CAN PICK UP A TRAIL FROM THERE!... GOOD-BYE, GENTS!

GOOD HUNTING, GENTLEMEN! KEEP IN TOUCH!



GEE, THAT INSPECTOR'S A NICE GUY, AINT HE?... SAY! THAT'S MARCIA IN YOUR CAR! WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE?

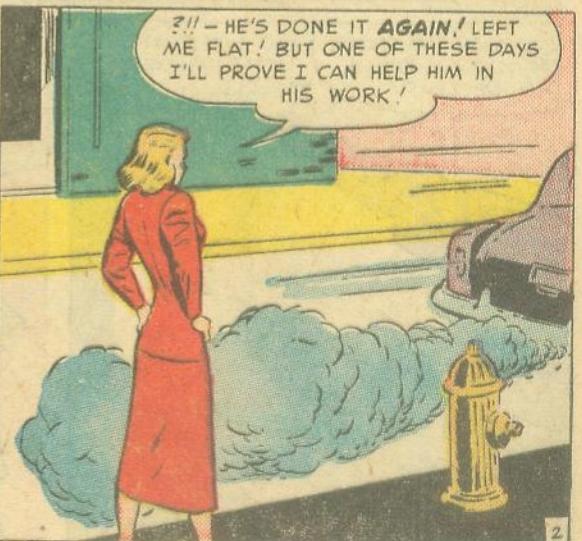


I WAS SHOPPING AND SAW YOUR CAR, AL. HOW ABOUT A LIFT HOME?

SORRY, MARCIA, DEAR. OX AND I HAVE WORK TO DO! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



?!! - HE'S DONE IT AGAIN! LEFT ME FLAT! BUT ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL PROVE I CAN HELP HIM IN HIS WORK!



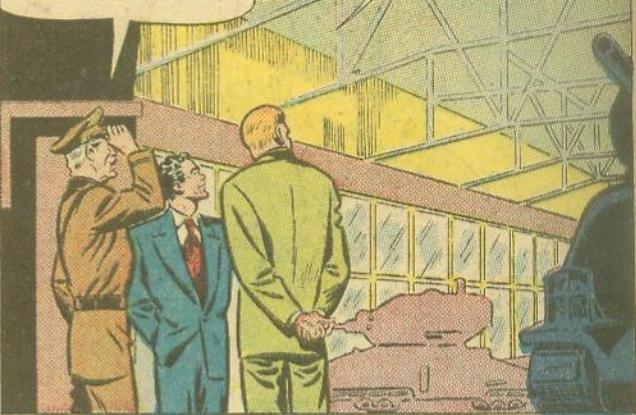
AN HOUR LATER, IN THE FACTORY ON LONG ISLAND WHERE THE SUPER TANKS ARE BEING BUILT, LITTLE AL GETS FURTHER INFORMATION FROM COLONEL BANCROFT, WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THE PROJECT!

OUR SECURITY POLICE WERE GASSED AND THE PLANS STOLEN! IT WAS A BOLD PIECE OF WORK... NO CLUES, NO FINGERPRINTS LEFT!

VERY EFFICIENT!
MIND IF WE NOSE AROUND THE FACTORY?

THE DAY SHIFT HAS LEFT AND THE NIGHT SHIFT WON'T BE DUE FOR ANOTHER HOUR, SO PROWL ALL YOU WANT! I'M GOING HOME FOR DINNER!

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE TANKS!



ALONE IN THE FACTORY, THE F.B.I. MEN TRY TO RE-CONSTRUCT THE PLAN OF ACTION. THE WHITE HAWK FOLLOWED IN HIS DARING COUP!







LATER, AT THE F.B.I. LABORATORY, LITTLE AL EXAMINES THE CONTACT LENS UNDER A POWERFUL MICROSCOPE!

OX! THIS CONTACT LENS HAS A COLOR PRISM GROUND INTO IT THAT WOULD MAKE THE PINK EYES OF AN ALBINO APPEAR BROWN! GET THE CHIEF ON THE PHONE!



I'LL GO AROUND THE BACK TO THE FIRE ESCAPE! MAYBE I CAN HELP!



THE F.B.I. MEN LEAVE THE LABORATORY AND HURRY TO THEIR CAR! BEHIND THEM, MARCIA WAITS IN A TAXI, EAGER TO AID HER FIANCÉ IN HIS WORK!



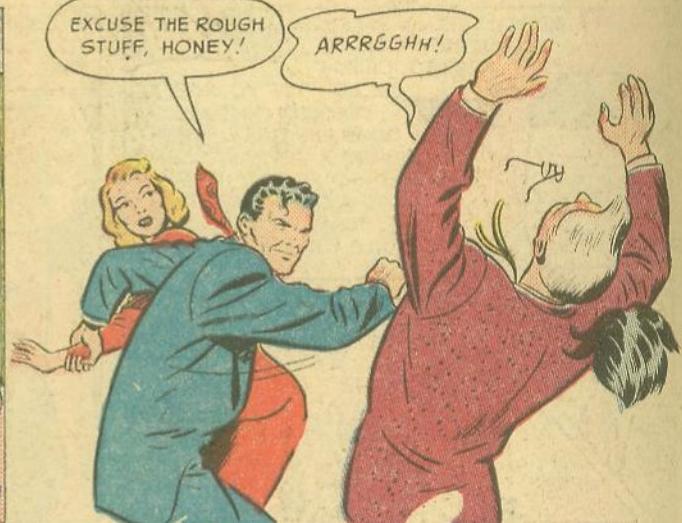
FOLLOW THAT CAR, DRIVER!



IS THIS LENS YOURS?



IN HER EXCITEMENT, MARCIA LEANS TOO FAR FORWARD AND TUMBLES INTO THE ROOM!



The End

NOW ON SALE!

G.I. Joe

Captured and alone, how can G. I. Joe hope to outwit the merciless Red Colonel, Wan-Goo, who would sacrifice the lives of helpless women and children by using them as a shield for his barbarous troops? What can Joe do? Can he save the villagers from the cruel death—or will he be butchered himself at the bloody hands of...

THE RED DEVILS OF KOREA?

IT MEANS YOU TALK, TELL US MILITARY INFORMATION, OR...

SEOUL CITY LOU

lures
Joe's pal, Sergeant Mulvaney into a
cunning Red trap. Will Mulvaney yield
under Red "persuasion" and give the
Red spies vital military information?
What can G. I. Joe do to save his friend
and safeguard his country's secrets
from the enemy?

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...OR
WHAT?

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